

LESSONS OF POMPEII.

RIGHTEOUSNESS IS LIFE, BUT INIQUITY IS DEATH.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Vivid Description of the Ruined City—Solemnity and Awe Inspired by the Surroundings—A Warning to the Wicked of Today.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 8.—In his sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning Rev. Dr. Talmage presented an arousing theme of the living cities of today drawn from the tomb of a dead city of the past. The opening hymn, led by cornet and organ, was joined by the voices of the multitude:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength; the nations shake. The subject was "Pompeii and Its Lessons," the text, Isaiah xxv, 2, "Thou hast made of a defended city a ruin."

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that of many centuries—Vesuvius, giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicating mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Aetna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. A fearful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscence of what it has done and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles and dropped in Constantinople, and in the Adriatic sea, and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mystery, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cinders and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements.

At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grapevines which clothed the mountainside from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

THE DEAD CITY.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp. The home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assembly. A high wall 20 feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. On those walls at a distance of only 100 yards from each other towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted.

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Scaphere, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the Temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Aesculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting.

Yonder are the theaters, partly cut into surrounding hills, and glorified with pictured walls, and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms for captivated and applaudatory audiences seated or standing in vast semicircle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums, with decorated alcoves, and the cold dash of their frigidaariums, with floors of mosaic and ceilings of all skillfully intermingled hues, and walls up-pollstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofas on which to recline for slumber after the plunge.

Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucrretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place in the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by doric columns.

Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionairess, gardens, fountains, statues, colonnades, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rare wine, a few drops of which were found 1,800 years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls in colors which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of Aug. 28, A. D. 79. See the through-

passing up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles of arabesque, and necks encircled with precious stones, proud officials in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rattaplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the bay of Naples.

Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn, far-reaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well tonight, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the day rolls on, and it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of fiery darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnight interwoven in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened. Stabiae, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead.

Out of the houses and temples and theaters and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated by the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theaters. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Pliny the elder from the sailcloth on which he was resting, under the agonizations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired.

For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted, and the cursing of that Apollon of mountains subsided. For 1,700 years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without any attempt to show its place of doom. But after 1,700 years of obliteration a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of basilica and Temple and amphitheater.

EMOTIONS THE SCENE INSPIRES.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day in November, 1889, until he left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity and awe and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable and natural after 1,700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1,700 years she continued to clutch them.

There at the soldiers' barracks are 64 skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after 1,700 years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoes, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition.

Those gutters run with the blood of the gladiators, who were the prizefighters of those ancient times, and it is sword parrying sword, until, with one skillful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mangled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We stand among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and stand until that all that not a footfall to be heard within all that city except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wander, and into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again onto the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1,800 years ago ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen carried their burdens, and drunken drunks staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and cross that threshold did palebraves carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletal staircases?

While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and blasphemy and uncleanness and infernal boast as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it stood in dissonant summer evening as I stood in dissonant Pompeii, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the

lava and darkness and desolation and woe with which more than 18 centuries ago it submerged Pompeii, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain proclaimed at the burial, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first pencilled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries.

Those Pompeian artists mixed such durability of colors that, though their paintings were buried in ashes and soot for 1,700 years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers of 130 years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun.

Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeii, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Diomed.

By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-a-brac, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city clean and pure. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing.

Peking and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

TWO REMARKABLE CEMETERIES. Yea, see in our walk today through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgments of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclone, and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried 1,700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities.

I get down on my knees and read the epitaphology of a long line of them. Here lies Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitreous brick. And I hear a wail and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph (Isaiah xlii, 21). "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures."

The next tomb I kneel before is this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down, and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanapalus as I stoop to read her epitaph (Zephaniah ii, 14). "Now is Nineveh desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cornucopia and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read I hear an owl hoot and a hyena laugh.

The next entombment city I pass has a monument of 50 prostrate columns of gray and red granite, and it is Tyre. The next sepulcher of a great capital is covered with scattered columns and defaced sphinxes and the sands of the desert, and it is Thebes. As I pass I find the resting place of Mycenae, a city of which Homer sang, and Corinth, which rejected Paul and depended upon her fortress, Acrocorinth, which now lies dismantled on the hill, and I move on in this cemetery of cities, and I find the tombs of Sardis and Smyrna and Persopolis and Memphis and Basilek and Carthage, and here are the cities of the plain and Herculaneum and Stabia and Pompeii. Some of them have mighty sarcophagi and hieroglyphic establish-

ture, but they are dead and buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens let them know that the God who on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbent that staid there 17 centuries is still alive and hates sin now as much as he did then and has at his command all the armament of destruction with which he whelmed their iniquitous predecessors.

It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake quake throb that sent the people afrighted into the streets, and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check which easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses could prostrate a city or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities.

It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial contests of Pompeii. What a precious crew that Coney Island Athletic club is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose! Instead of calling it an athletic club they might better style it "The Ruffian Club for Smashing the Human Visage."

Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the off-scouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers, and the pugilists, and the pickpockets, and the bloated regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loafdom to come to their carnival of pugilism. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

A STEP TOO FAR.

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the state of New York until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush avenue and with faces banded and cut and bleeding from the infuriating scene. Against this infraction of the laws of the state of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that consents to such an outrage. Does any one think it cannot be stopped, and that the constabulary would be overborne? Then let Governor Flower send down there a regiment of state militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moraine and save a city, and you send smallpox to heal leprosy or a carcass to relieve the air of malodor. For what politics will I refer you to the eight weeks of stultification enacted at Washington by our American senate.

American politics will become a reformatory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am glad to say, benign and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the gospel machinery to its utmost speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of nations transformed, and prodigies barked, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed.

Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the "Miserere" of complaint and despondency with "Te Deums" and "Jubilates" of moral and religious victory. Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall come type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I hail the advancing morn.

I make the same proclamation today that Gideon made to the shivering cohorts of his army. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town.

Shall our last walk be through streets where sorcery and good order dominate, or through streets where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshipped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflections? God save the cities! Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, beautiful, God-defying and entombed Pompeii!

A MORE MOTHERLY.

Father—And I'll give you a nice box of candy if you'll have those teeth pulled. Tommy (with a wail)—And then I can't eat the candy!—Chicago Record.

BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

It is what you need. Its promotion is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mineral nor oil. It is not a dye, but a carefully cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald patches. It keeps the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Root Soap. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair. If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward promptly receipt of price. (Growth, \$1.00 per bottle) 4 for \$3.50. Send, per jar 1/2 for \$2.00.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

T. J. KRESS.

HOUSE PAINTING,

PAPER HANGING,

Natural Wood Finishing,

Cor. 30th and Chemoleta Street.

Geo. Fendrich,

CASH MARKET

Best meat and free delivery.

136 State Street.

J. E. MURPHY.

Brick and Tile

NORTH SALEM.

Take It!

EVENING JOURNAL,

Only 3 cents a day delivered at your door.

Fresh-

Papers-

Fruits-

and Candies.

J. L. BENNETT & SON.

P. O. Block.

Electric Lights

On Meter System.

TO CONSUMERS:

The Edison Light and Power Company, at great expense have equipped their electric light plant with the most modern apparatus and are now able to offer the public a better light than any system and at a rate lower than any city on the coast.

Arc and Incandescent Light

ing. Electric Motors for all

purposes where power is re-

quired.

Residences can be wired for as many lights as desired, and the consumers pay for only such lights as are used. This being registered by an Electric Meter. Office

179 Commercial St.

MEATS.

HUNT, the North Salem Butcher,

is now has not sold out but simply moved his shop to the old stand at Liberty street bridge.

David McKillop,

Steam Wood Saw

Leave orders at Salem Improvement Co., 56 State street.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD CO

E. W. HADLEY, Receiver.

SHORT LINE TO CALIFORNIA

OCEAN STEAMER SAILINGS.

R. S. W. LAMETTE VALLEY.

Leaves San Francisco, Oct. 7th, 17th and 27th.

Leaves Yaguina, Oct. 3d, 12th, 22d and Nov. 27th.

RATES ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

For freight and passenger rates apply to any agent or purser of this company.

C. T. WARREN, T. F. A. P. A.

O. M. POWERS, Agent, Salem Dock.

East and South

—VIA—

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—of the—

Southern Pacific Company.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUSH DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South. Lv. Portland Ar. North. Lv. Portland Ar.

8:15 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

8:45 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:55 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

9:15 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 9:25 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also at Tangent, Shasta, Hainesburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

Lv. Portland Ar. Lv. Portland Ar.

10:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 10:40 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

11:15 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 11:25 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

12:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 12:40 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

Oiling Cars on Ogden Route

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

—AND—

Second Class Sleeping Cars.

Attached to all through trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis.

DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

Lv. Portland Ar. Lv. Portland Ar.

7:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:40 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

8:15 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:25 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

Lv. Portland Ar. Lv. Portland Ar.

1:40 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 1:50 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

7:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 7:40 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar.

To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from R. P. ROGERS, Agent, Salem.

R. KOEHLER, Manager.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

(Northern Pacific R. Co., Lessee.)

LATEST TIME CARD.

Two Through Trains Daily.

2:45 p. m. Lv. Minn. Ar. 4:45 p. m. Lv. Minn. Ar.

10:30 p. m. Lv. Minn. Ar. 12:30 a. m. Lv. Minn. Ar.

1:45 a. m. Lv. Minn. Ar. 3:45 a. m. Lv. Minn. Ar.

7:15 a. m. Lv. Minn. Ar. 9:15 a. m. Lv. Minn. Ar.

Tickets sold and baggage checked through to all points in the United States and Canada. Close connections made in Chicago with all trains going East and South.

For full information apply to your nearest ticket agent or J. A. C. POPE, Gen. Pass. and Trk. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE NOT NIP.

Do you wear them? What sort is used by a job?

Best in the world.

\$5.00 \$3.00

\$4.00 \$2.00

\$3.50 \$2.00

\$2.50 \$1.75

\$2.25 \$1.75

\$2.00 \$1.75

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest style, don't pay \$6 to \$8, by my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5.00. It will equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, wear as by purchasing W. L. Douglas shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by KRAUSE BROS.



TO DENVER,

OMAHA, KANSAS CITY,

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS

AND ALL

EASTERN CITIES

31 DAYS TO

CHICAGO

Hours the Quickest to Chicago and the East.

Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers. Free Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars.

For rates and general information apply to nearest agent or

W. L. HUNTER, Agent, 24 W. W. A.

24 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

HAVE YOU GOT